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GIFT OF  
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*Received, August, 1898.*

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son



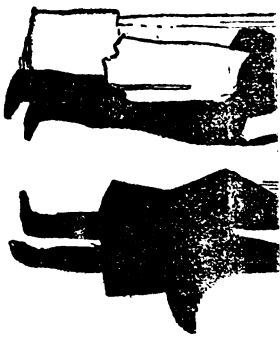
relation, a process in which certain minutes of work, especially the most subtle points, disappear, are scattered, volatilized, as one may say, in the heat of the battle, while others burst unexpectedly to view through the medium of voice and gesture.

It must be admitted that it would be impossible to conceive of a more perfect matter than young Bloucourt made, and Grandson of comedians, the youth and the blood of the true artist in his veins, and he was evidently bent on provoking it to us that evening. In the tumult and excitement of the applause, in the hands that were exclusively concerning themselves with the stage, I caught a glimpse from time to time of a handsome face which looked out, pale and set, from the darkness at the back of the house. It was Bloucourt, the father, who had come to be present at the triumph of his son. Evidently deeply moved, he could frequently change his place and would appear in all the different parts of the theatre, sometimes in the midst of the display in the boxes and at others lost in the crowds in the galleries, as if he wished to measure on every this splendid success in which he also had a share. The audience recognized him pointed him out to each other. "Look papa Bloucourt! Isn't he happy to look through?" And some of them, while talking, would turn in his direction as

came! I am suffocating; let us go out of here!" And he dragged me with him out into the street. A icy wind was whistling round the corners, but the old comedian appeared not to notice its rigor.

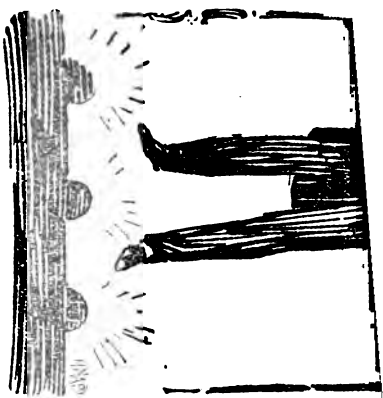
"Ah! that's good, good!" he exclaimed, drinking in the cold air with delight. "I thought I should go crazy inside there. For two hours I have endured their applauding and their stupid congratulations which are a mockery to me. You are astonished that I say this to you? Well, it is so. I am jealous—I am jealous of my own child—fairly green with envy of him! That is a frightful thing to say, isn't it? But why did he take my part away from me! It was mine, I was to have played it; it is exactly in my line, and Vigey himself promised it to me. A week before he died he said to me: "Bloucourt, when they put on Chatterton again, I count on you to play it." And I was waiting with such impatience for them to bring it out. Paris was beginning to forget me in the long period I had been inactive, and I had hoped this creation would confer a second youth upon me, a renewal of past successes. I studied hard night and day; finally I was ready.

"One morning the boy comes running to me and throws his arm around my neck. "Oh, father, how happy I am! I am going to play Chatterton!" He knew as well as any one the promise had been made to me, but in his joy he had forgotten it. Chil-



"I AM JEALOUS OF MY OWN CHILD."

has been made a single original effect! No, he has simply thrown himself headlong into it with all the heedlessness of youth. Impetuosity is made to do duty for talent. For instance, in the great scene with Kitty, when Chatterton—"and here the poor man began to illustrate to me in detail his son's defects, imitating his intonations and his gestures. From the point of view of the science of acting, it all struck me as being very profound; very just, and, as I was surprised to find so many false notes in the harmonious whole that had so pleased me. All of which did not alter the fact that we were interrupted every few moments by the sound of loud applause—like the pattering of hailstones—that reached us from the auditorium and was intensified in



THAT evening Bloucourt, the son, was to make his first appearance on the stage in "Chatterton." The piece which, though not forgotten, had passed out of sight and for some years occupied a narrower sphere in the quiet relation of home reading, now excited a first night almost the interest that it might. Those who were not with it without having seen it were curious to know his inter-

## Access



though to include the great artist in the triumph of his child and pupil.

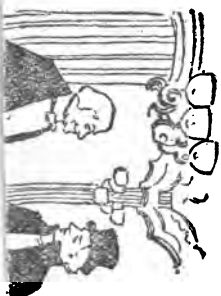
It is a fact that no fame is so short-lived as that of a comedian. Once he drops out of the public gaze it is all over with him; no one gives him a further thought. His is the fate of the spoken word, which, however beautiful, is carried off in air; of the musical chord which vanishes as soon as the notes are struck. But in this case, thanks to his son, Bloucourt could escape the terrible destiny which awaits comedians. He was welcoming a new glory which was arising at the fading of his own, and would finish out his artistic career with another, full of hope and promise. So the poor man's emotion was deep and strong; I could see that his lips occasionally trembled, and his limbs twitched with nervousness. Between each act he roamed about in the lobbies, drawing near the different groups to overhear what was being said.

Passing close by him at one of these moments I could not restrain the sympathetic impulse which drew me toward this deep, silent joy. "You ought to be a very happy man," I said, shaking his hand. "It's an immense success."

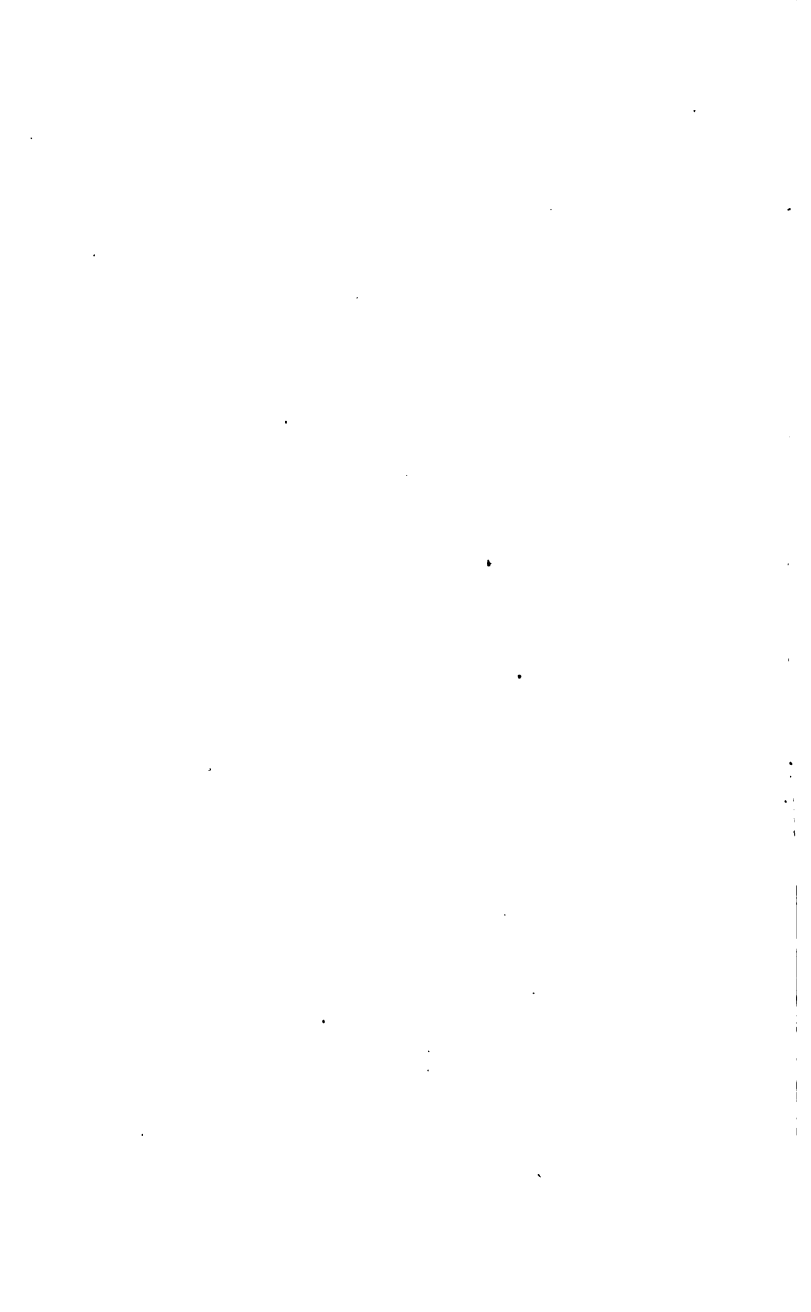
The hand I took in mine was cold and moist, and it drew itself sharply, almost angrily, away. It's possessor smiled grimly, as he looked at me. "So you compliment, too, do you? Isn't there a single soul to understand what I am suffering?"

a SURVEY OF HIS PRESENT SITUATION WAS A PAINFUL ONE. He knew that I no longer had. Positive one would have to undergo it himself. I knew what I suffered during that interview; but it was all as nothing to the martyrdom I have endured this evening.

"Oh! I ought not to have come, but could not stay away. I was irresistibly drawn by curiosity and perhaps—I am ashamed to say it—by the secret hope of a remembrance for me; of hearing some one in the audience say: 'Oh! if the elder Bloucourt were playing that!' But no; I have heard nothing of the kind; they have had all they can do to applaud. But really, the boy does not act well; he is actually bad; I certainly thought they were going to hiss when he came on; he can't even walk well; he has no idea of stage deportment. In all that green, thoughtful, complex part

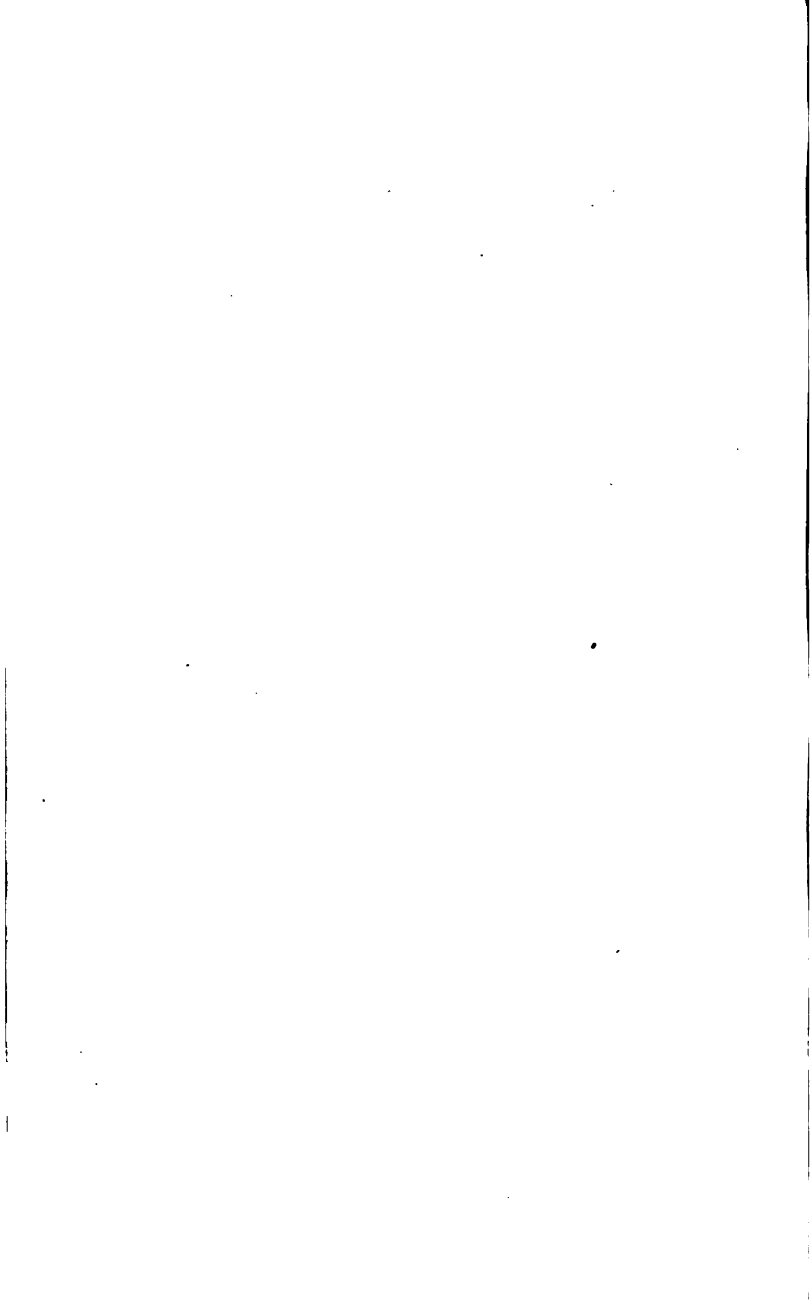






**THE SONG OF THE SWORD**  
**AND OTHER VERSES**





# THE SONG OF THE SWORD

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

W. E. HENLEY



NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
1892

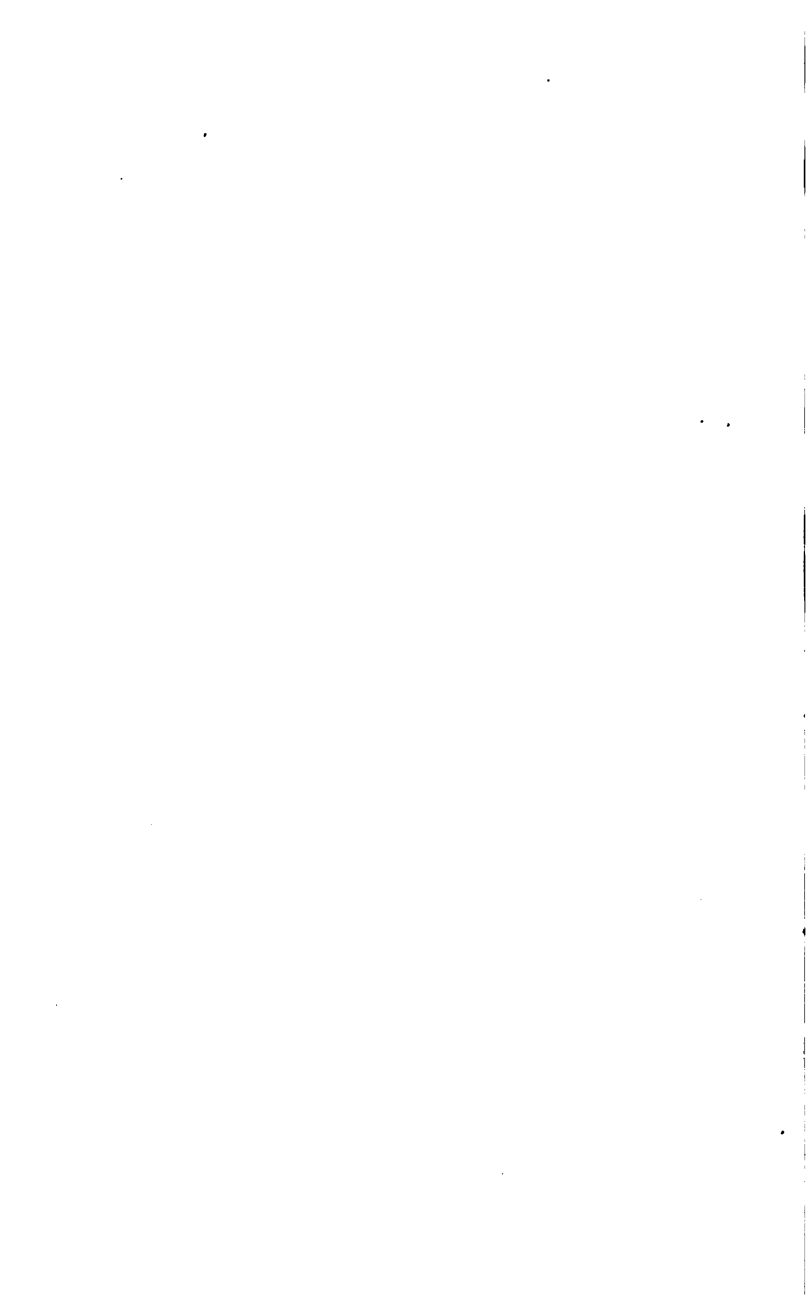
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**TO**

**R. T. Hamilton-Bruce**



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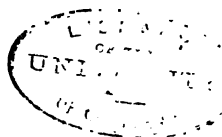
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**THE SONG  
OF THE SWORD  
(To Rudyard Kipling)**



*The Sword*

*Singing —*

*The voice of the Sword from the heart  
of the Sword*

*Clanging imperious*

*Forth from Time's battlements*

*His ancient and triumphing Song.*

In the beginning,  
Ere God inspired Himself  
Into the clay thing  
Thumbbed to his image,  
The vacant, the naked shell  
Soon to be Man :

## THE SONG OF

Thoughtful He pondered it,  
Prone there and impotent,  
Fragile, inviting  
Attack and discomfiture :  
Then, with a smile —  
As He heard in the Thunder  
That laughed over Eden  
The voice of the Trumpet,  
The iron Beneficence,  
Calling His dooms  
To the Winds of the world —  
Stooping, He drew  
On the sand with His finger  
A shape for a sign  
Of His way to the eyes  
That in wonder should waken,  
For a proof of His will  
To the breaking intelligence :

## THE SWORD

That was the birth of me :  
I am the Sword.

Hard and bleak, keen and cruel,  
Short-hilted, long-shafted,  
I froze into steel :  
And the blood of my elder,  
His hand on the hafts of me,  
Sprang like a wave  
In the wind, as the sense  
Of his strength grew to ecstasy,  
Glowed like a coal  
At the throat of the furnace,  
As he knew me and named me,  
The War-Thing, the Comrade,  
Father of honour  
And giver of kingship,  
The fame-smith, the song-master

## THE SONG OF

Bringer of women  
On fire at his hands  
For the pride of fulfilment,  
*Priest (saith the Lord)*  
*Of his marriage with victory.*  
Ho! then, the Trumpet,  
Handmaid of heroes,  
Calling the peers  
To the place of espousal!  
Ho! then, the splendour  
And sheen of my ministry,  
Clothing the earth  
With a livery of lightnings!  
Ho! then, the music  
Of battles in onset,  
And ruining armours,  
And God's gift returning  
In fury to God!

## THE SWORD

Glittering and keen  
As the song of the winter stars,  
Ho! then the sound  
Of my voice, the implacable  
Angel of Destiny!—  
I am the Sword.

Heroes, my children,  
Follow, O follow me,  
Follow, exulting  
In the great light that breaks  
From the sacred companionship:  
Thrust through the fatuous,  
Thrust through the fungous brood  
Spawned in my shadow  
And gross with my gift!  
Thrust through, and hearken,  
O hark, to the Trumpet,



## THE SONG OF

The Virgin of Battles,  
Calling, still calling you  
Into the Presence,  
Sons of the Judgment,  
Pure wafts of the Will!  
Edged to annihilate,  
Hilted with government,  
Follow, O follow me  
Till the waste places  
All the grey globe over  
Ooze, as the honeycomb  
Drips, with the sweetness  
Distilled of my strength:  
And, teeming in peace  
Through the wrath of my coming,  
They give back in beauty  
The dread and the anguish  
They had of me visitant!

## THE SWORD

Follow, O follow, then,  
Heroes, my harvesters!  
Where the tall grain is ripe  
Thrust in your sickles :  
Stripped and adust  
In a stubble of empire,  
Scything and binding  
The full sheaves of sovranity :  
Thus, O thus gloriously,  
Shall you fulfil yourselves :  
Thus, O thus mightily,  
Show yourselves sons of mine —  
Yea, and win grace of me :  
I am the Sword.

I am the feast-maker :  
Hark, through a noise  
Of the screaming of eagles,

## THE SONG OF

Hark how the Trumpet,  
The mistress of mistresses,  
Calls, silver-throated  
And stern, where the tables  
Are spread, and the work  
Of the Lord is in hand!  
Driving the darkness,  
Even as the banners  
And spears of the Morning;  
Sifting the nations,  
The slag from the metal,  
The waste and the weak  
From the fit and the strong;  
Fighting the brute,  
The abysmal Fecundity;  
Checking the gross,  
Multitudinous blunders,  
The groping, the purblind

## THE SWORD

Excesses in service,  
Of the Womb universal,  
The absolute Drudge ;  
Changing the charactry  
Carved on the World,  
The miraculous gem  
In the seal-ring that burns  
On the hand of the Master—  
Yea! and authority  
Flames through the dim,  
Unappeasable Grisliness  
Prone down the nethermost  
Chasms of the Void ;  
Clear singing, clean slicing ;  
Sweet spoken, soft finishing ;  
Making death beautiful,  
Life but a coin  
To be staked in the pastime

## THE SONG OF THE SWORD

Whose playing is more  
Than the transfer of being ;  
Arch-anarch, chief builder,  
Prince and evangelist,  
I am the Will of God :  
I am the Sword.

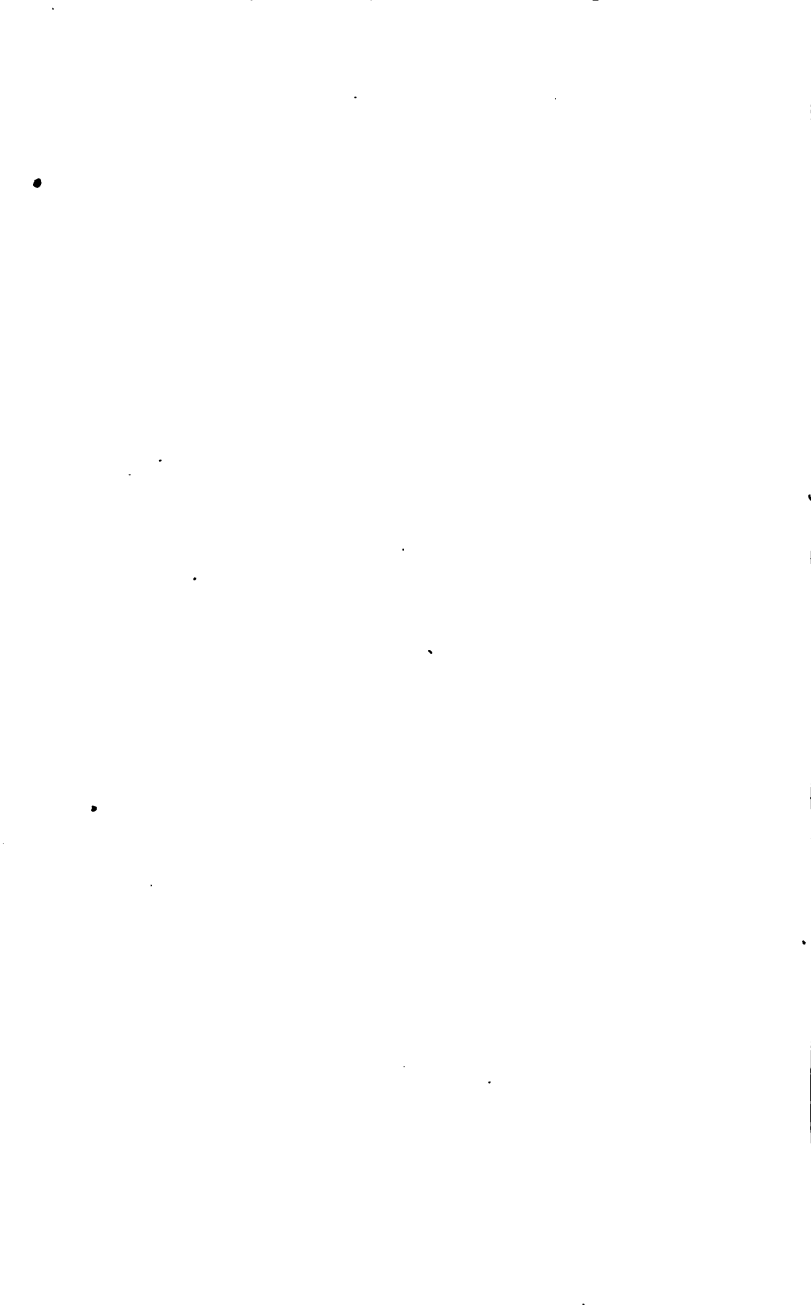
*The Sword*

*Singing —*

*The voice of the Sword from the heart  
of the Sword*

*Clanging majestic,  
As from the starry-staired  
Courts of the primal Supremacy,  
His high, irresistible song.*

**LONDON**  
**VOLUNTARIES**  
**(To Charles Whibley)**



I

*Andante con moto*

FORTH from the dust and din,  
The crush, the heat, the many-spotted glare,  
The odour and sense of life and lust aflare,  
The wrangle and jangle of unrests,  
Let us take horse, dear heart, take horse and  
win —

As from swart August to the green lap of May —  
To quietness and the fresh and fragrant breasts  
Of the still, delicious night, not yet aware  
In any of her innumerable nests  
Of that first sudden splash of dawn,  
Clear, sapphirine, luminous, large,  
Which tells that soon the flowing springs of day,



## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

In deep and ever deeper eddies drawn  
Forward and up, in wider and wider way  
Shall float the sands and brim the shores  
On this our haunch of Earth, as round she roars  
And spins into the outlook of the Sun  
(The Lord's first gift, the Lord's especial charge)  
With light, with living light, from marge to  
    marge,  
Until the course He set and staked be run.

Through street and square, through square and  
    street,  
Each with his home-grown quality of dark  
And violated silence, loud and fleet,  
Waylaid by a merry ghost at every lamp,  
The hansom wheels and plunges. Hark, O hark,  
Sweet, how the old mare's bit and chain

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Ring back a rough refrain  
Upon the marked and cheerful tramp  
Of her four shoes! Here is the Park,  
And O the languid midsummer wafts adust,  
The tired midsummer blooms!  
O the mysterious distances, the glooms  
Romantic, the august  
And solemn shapes! At night this City of  
Trees  
Turns to a tryst of vague and strange  
And monstrous Majesties,  
Let loose from some dim underworld to range  
These terrene vistas till their twilight sets:  
When, dispossessed of wonderfulness, they stand  
Beggared and common, plain to all the land  
For stooks of leaves! And lo! the wizard hour  
Whose shining, silent sorcery hath such power!  
Still, still the streets, between their carcanets

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Of linking gold, are avenues of sleep :  
But see how gable ends and parapets  
In gradual beauty and significance  
Emerge! And did you hear  
That little twitter-and-cheep,  
Breaking inordinately loud and clear  
On this still, spectral, exquisite atmosphere?  
'Tis a first nest at matins! And behold  
A rakehell cat — how furtive and acold!  
A spent witch homing from some infamous  
dance —

Obscene, quick-trotting, see her tip and fade  
Through shadowy railings into a pit of shade!  
And lo! a little wind and shy,  
The smell of ships (that earnest of romance),  
A sense of space and water, and thereby  
A lamplit bridge ouching the troubled sky,  
And look, O look! a tangle of silver gleams

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

And dusky lights, our River and all his dreams,  
His dreams of a dead past that cannot die!

What miracle is happening in the air,  
Charging the very texture of the gray  
With something luminous and rare?  
The night goes out like an ill-parcelled fire,  
And, as one lights a candle, it is day.  
The extinguisher that fain would strut for spire  
On the formal little church is not yet green  
Across the water: but the house-tops nigher,  
The corner-lines, the chimneys — look how clean,  
How new, how naked! See the batch of boats  
Here at the ~~stairs~~, washed in the fresh-sprung  
beam!

And those are barges that were goblin floats,  
Black, hag-steered, fraught with devilry and dream!  
And in the piles the water frolics clear,

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,  
And we — we can behold that could but hear  
The ancient River singing as he goes  
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.  
The gas burns lank and jaded in its glass:  
The old Ruffian soon shall yawn himself awake,  
And light his pipe, and shoulder his tools, and take  
His hobnailed way to work!

Let us too pass:

Through these long blindfold rows  
Of casements staring blind to right and left,  
Each with his gaze turned inward on some piece  
Of life in death's own likeness — Life bereft  
Of living looks as by the Great Release  
(Perchance of shadow-shapes from shadow-shows),  
Whose upshot all men know yet no man knows.

Reach upon reach of burial — so they feel,

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

These colonies of dreams! And as we steal  
Homeward together, but for the buxom breeze  
That frolics at our heel,  
Greeting the town with news of the summer seas,  
We might — thus awed, thus lonely that we are —  
Be wandering some depopulated star,  
Some world of memories and unbroken graves,  
So broods the abounding Silence near and far :  
Till even your footfall craves  
Forgiveness of the majesty it braves.

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

### II

*Scherzando*

Down through the ancient Strand  
The Spirit of October, mild and boon  
And sauntering, takes his way  
This golden end of afternoon,  
As though the corn stood yellow in all the land  
And the ripe apples dropped to the harvest-moon.

Lo! the round sun, half down the western slope —  
Seen as along a glass-less telescope —  
Lingers and lolls, loth to be done with day:  
Gifting the long, lean, lanky street  
And its abounding confluences of being  
With aspects generous and bland:  
Making a thousand harnesses to shine

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

As with new ore from some enchanted mine,  
And every horse's coat so full of sheen  
He looks new-tailored, and every 'bus feels clean,  
And never a hansom but is worth the feeing;  
And every jeweller within the pale  
Offers a real Arabian Night for sale;  
And even the roar  
Of the strong streams of toil that pause and pour  
Eastward and westward sounds suffused —  
Seems as it were bemused  
And blurred, and like the speech  
Of lazy seas upon a lotus-eating beach —  
With this enchanted lustrousness,  
This mellow magic, that (as a man's caress  
Brings back to some faded face beloved before  
A heavenly shadow of the grace it wore  
Ere the poor eyes were minded to beseech)  
Old things transfigures, and you hail and bless



## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Their looks of long-lapsed loveliness once more ;  
Till the sedate and mannered elegance  
Of Clement's is all tintured with romance ;  
The while the fanciful, formal, finicking charm  
Of Bride's, that madrigal in stone,  
Glows flushed and warm  
And beauteous with a beauty not its own ;  
And the high majesty of Paul's  
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—  
Calls to his millions to behold and see  
How goodly this his London Town can be !

✓ For earth and sky and air  
Are golden everywhere,  
And golden with a gold so suave and fine  
The looking on it lifts the heart like wine.  
Trafalgar Square  
(The fountains volleying golden glaze)

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Gleams like an angel-market. High aloft  
Over his couchant Lions in a haze  
✓Shimmering and bland and soft,  
A dust of chrysoprase,  
Our Sailor takes the golden gaze  
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb  
As once he flamed it on his ocean round.  
The dingy dreariness of the picture-place,  
Turned very nearly bright,  
Takes on a certain dismal grace,  
And shows not all a scandal to the ground.  
The very blind man pottering on the kerb,  
Among the posies and the ostrich feathers  
And the rude voices touched with all the weathers  
Of all the varying year,  
Shares in the universal alms of light.  
The windows, with their fleeting, flickering fires,  
The height and spread of frontage shining sheer,

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

The glistening signs, the rejoicing roofs and  
spires —

'Tis El Dorado — El Dorado plain,  
The Golden City! And when a girl goes by,  
Look! as she turns her glancing head,  
A call of gold is floated from her ear!  
Golden, all golden! In a golden glory,  
Long lapsing down a golden coasted sky,  
The day not dies but seems  
Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold, and shed  
Upon a past of golden song and story  
And memories of gold and golden dreams.

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

### III

*Largo e mesto*

OUT of the poisonous East,  
Over a continent of blight,  
Like a maleficent Influence released  
From the most squalid cellarage of hell,  
✓The Wind-Fiend, the abominable —  
The hangman wind that tortures temper and  
light —  
Comes slouching, sullen and obscene,  
Hard on the skirts of the embittered night,  
And in a cloud unclean  
Of excremental humours, roused to strife  
By the operation of some ruinous change  
Wherever his evil mandate run and range  
Into a dire intensity of life,

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

A craftsman at his bench, he settles down  
To the grim job of throttling London Town.

And, by a jealous lightlessness beset  
That might have oppressed the dragons of old  
time

Crunching and groping in the abysmal slime,  
A cave of cut-throat thoughts and villainous  
dreams,

✓ Hag-rid and crying with cold and dirt and wet,  
The afflicted city, prone from mark to mark  
In shameful occultation, seems  
A nightmare labyrinthine, dim and drifting,  
✓ With wavering gulfs and antic heights and shifting  
Rent in the stuff of a material dark  
✓ Wherein the lamplight, scattered and sick and pale,  
Shows like the leper's living blotch of bale:  
Uncoiling monstrous into street on street

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Paven with perils, teeming with mischance,  
Where man and beast go blindfold and in dread,  
✓Working with oaths and threats and faltering feet  
Somewhither in the hideousness ahead ;  
Working through wicked airs and deadly dews  
That make the laden robber grin askance  
At the good places in his black romance,  
And the poor, loitering harlot rather choose  
Go pinched and pined to bed  
Than lurk and shiver and curse her wretched way  
From arch to arch, scouting some threepenny prey.

Forgot his dawns and far-flushed afterglows,  
His green garlands and windy eyots forgot,  
The old Father-River flows, .  
His watchfires cores of menace in the gloom,  
As he came oozing from the Pit, and bore,  
Sunk in his filthily transfigured sides,

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Shoals of dishonoured dead to tumble and rot  
In the squalor of the universal shore :  
His voices sounding through the gruesome air  
As from the ferry where the Boat of Doom  
With her blaspheming cargo reels and rides :  
The while his children, the brave ships,  
No more adventurous and fair,  
Nor tripping it light of heel as home-bound  
    brides,  
But infamously enchanted,  
Huddle together in the foul eclipse,  
Or feel their course by inches desperately,  
As through a tangle of alleys murder-haunted,  
From sinister reach to reach — out — out — to sea.

And Death the while —  
Death with his well-worn, lean, professional smile,  
Death in his threadbare working trim —

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Comes to your bedside, unannounced and bland,  
And with expert, inevitable hand  
Feels at your windpipe, fingers you in the lung,  
Or flicks the clot well into the labouring heart :  
Thus signifying unto old and young,  
However hard of mouth or wild of whim,  
'Tis time—'tis time by his ancient watch—to part  
✓With books and women and talk and drink and  
art :

And you go humbly after him  
To a mean suburban lodging: on the way  
To what or where  
Not Death, who is old and very wise, can say :  
And you — how should you care  
So long as, unreclaimed of hell,  
The Wind-Fiend, the insufferable,  
Thus vicious and thus patient sits him down  
To the black job of burking London Town ?



## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

### IV

*Allegro maestoso*

SPRING winds that blow  
As over leagues of myrtle-blooms and may;  
Bevies of spring clouds trooping slow,  
Like matrons heavy-bosomed and aglow  
With the mild and placid pride of increase! Nay,  
What makes this insolent and comely stream  
Of appetite, this freshet of desire  
(Milk from the wild breasts of the wilful Day!)  
Down Piccadilly dance and murmur and gleam  
In genial wave on wave and gyre on gyre?  
Why does that nymph unparalleled splash and  
    churn  
The wealth of her enchanted urn  
Till, over-billowing all between

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

Her cheerful margents grey and living green,  
It floats and wanders, glittering and fleeing,  
An estuary of the joy of being ?  
Why should the buxom leafage of the Park  
Touch to an ecstasy the act of seeing ?  
— As if my paramour, my bride of brides,  
Lingering and flushed, mysteriously abides  
In some dim, eye-proof angle of odorous dark,  
Some smiling nook of green-and-golden shade,  
In the divine conviction robed and crowned  
The globe fulfils his immemorial round  
But as the marrying-place of all things made !

There is no man, this deifying day,  
But feels the primal blessing in his blood.  
The sacred impulse of the May  
Brightening like sex made sunshine through her  
veins,

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

There is no woman but disdains  
To vail the ensigns of her womanhood.  
None but, rejoicing, flaunts them as she goes,  
Bounteous in looks of her delicious best,  
On her inviolable quest :  
These with their hopes, with their sweet secrets  
those,  
But all desirable and frankly fair,  
As each were keeping some most prosperous tryst,  
And in the knowledge went imparadised.  
For look ! a magical influence everywhere,  
Look how the liberal and transfiguring air  
Washes this inn of memorable meetings,  
This centre of ravishments and gracious greetings,  
Till, through its jocund loveliness of length  
A tidal-race of lust from shore to shore,  
A brimming reach of beauty met with strength,  
It shines and sounds like some miraculous dream,

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

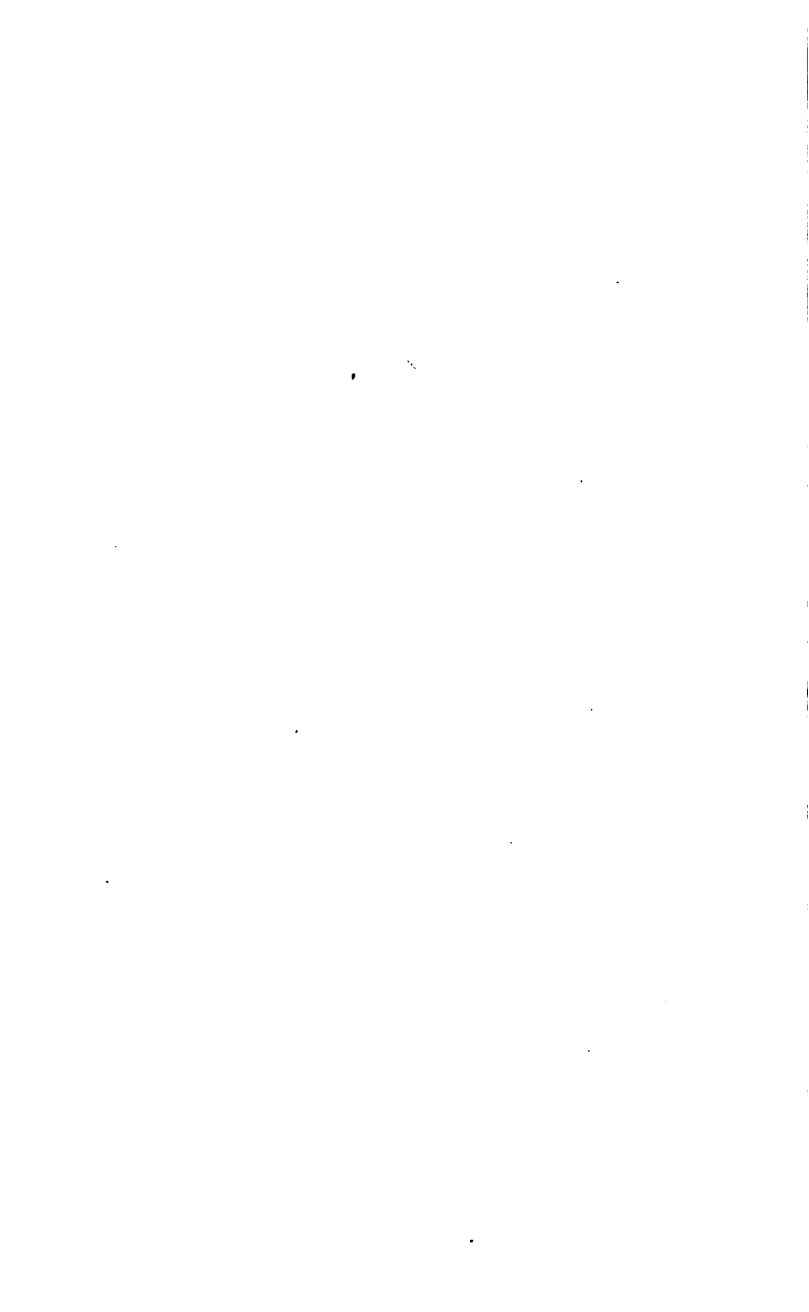
Some vision multitudinous and agleam,  
Of happiness as it shall be evermore !

Praise God for giving  
Through this His messenger among the days  
His word the life He gave is thrice-worth living !  
For Pan, the bountiful, imperious Pan —  
Not dead, not dead, as dreamers feigned,  
But the lush genius of a million Mays  
Renewing his beneficent endeavour !—  
Still reigns and triumphs, as he hath triumphed  
and reigned  
Since in the dim blue dawn of time  
The universal ebb-and-flow began,  
To sound his ancient music, and prevails  
By the persuasion of his mighty rhyme  
Here in this radiant and immortal street  
Lavishly and omnipotently as ever

## LONDON VOLUNTARIES

In the open hills, the undissembling dales,  
The laughing-places of the juvenile earth.  
For lo! the wills of man and woman meet,  
Meet and are moved, each unto each endeared  
As once in Eden's prodigal bowers befell,  
To share his shameless, elemental mirth  
In one great act of faith, while deep and strong,  
Incomparably nerved and cheered,  
The enormous heart of London joys to beat  
To the measures of his rough, majestic song:  
The lewd, perennial, overmastering spell  
That keeps the rolling universe ensphered  
And life and all for which life lives to long  
✓ Wanton and wondrous and for ever well.

**RHYMES  
AND RHYTHMS**



I

WHERE forlorn sunsets flare and fade  
On desolate sea and lonely sand,  
Out of the silence and the shade  
What is the voice of strange command  
Calling you still, as friend calls friend  
With love that cannot brook delay,  
To rise and follow the ways that wend  
Over the hills and far away ?

Hark in the city, street on street  
A roaring reach of death and life,  
Of vortices that clash and fleet  
And ruin in appointed strife,



## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Hark to it calling, calling clear,  
    Calling until you cannot stay  
From dearer things than your own most dear  
    Over the hills and far away.

Out of the sound of ebb and flow,  
    Out of the sight of lamp and star,  
It calls you where the good winds blow,  
    And the unchanging meadows are :  
From faded hopes and hopes agleam,  
    It calls you, calls you night and day  
Beyond the dark into the dream  
    Over the hills and far away.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### II

A DESOLATE shore,  
The sinister seduction of the Moon,  
The menace of the irreclaimable Sea.

Flaunting, tawdry and grim,  
From cloud to cloud along her beat,  
Leering her battered and inveterate leer,  
She signals where he prowls in the dark alone,  
Her horrible old man,  
Mumbling old oaths and warming  
His villainous old bones with villainous talk —  
The secrets of their grisly housekeeping  
Since they went out upon the pad

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

In the first twilight of self-conscious Time :  
Growling, obscene and hoarse,  
Tales of unnumbered Ships,  
Goodly and strong, Companions of the Advance  
In some vile alley of the night  
Waylaid and bludgeoned —  
Dead.

Deep cellared in primeval ooze,  
Ruined, dishonoured, spoiled,  
They lie where the lean water-worm  
Crawls free of their secrets, and their broken  
sides  
Bulge with the slime of life. Thus they abide,  
Thus fouled and desecrate,  
The summons of the Trumpet, and the while  
These Twain, their murderers,  
Unravined, imperturbable, unsubdued,

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Hang at the heels of their children — She aloft  
As in the shining streets,  
He as in ambush at some fetid stair.

The stalwart Ships,  
The beautiful and bold adventurers!  
Stationed out yonder in the isle,  
The tall Policeman,  
Flashing his bull's-eye, as he peers  
About him in the ancient vacancy,  
Tells them this way is safety — this way home.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### III

(To R. F. B.)

WE are the Choice of the Will: God, when He  
gave the word  
That called us into line, set in our hand a sword ;

Set us a sword to wield none else could lift and  
draw,  
And bade us forth to the sound of the trumpet  
of the Law.

✓ East and west and north, wherever the battle  
grew,  
As men to a feast we fared, the work of the  
Will to do.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Bent upon vast beginnings, bidding anarchy  
cease —

(Had we hacked it to the Pit, we had left it a  
place of peace!) —

Marching, building, sailing, pillar of cloud or fire,  
Sons of the Will, we fought the fight of the Will,  
our sire.

Road was never so rough that we left its purpose  
dark ;

Stark was ever the sea, but our ships were yet  
more stark ;

We tracked the winds of the world to the steps  
of their very thrones ;

The secret parts of the world were salted with  
our bones ;

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Till now the name of names, England, the name  
of might,  
Flames from the austral bounds to the ends of  
the northern night;

And the call of her morning drum goes in a  
girdle of sound,  
Like the voice of the sun in song, the great  
globe round and round;

And the shadow of her flag, when it shouts to the  
mother-breeze,  
Floats from shore to shore of the universal seas;

And the loneliest death is fair with a memory of  
her flowers,  
And the end of the road to Hell with the sense  
of her dews and showers!

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Who says that we shall pass, or the fame of us  
fade and die,

While the living stars fulfil their round in the  
living sky?

For the sire lives in his sons, and they pay their  
father's debt,

And the Lion has left a whelp wherever his claw  
was set:

And the Lion in his whelps, his whelps that  
none shall brave,

Is but less strong than Time and the all-devour-  
ing Grave.



## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### IV

It came with the threat of a waning moon  
And the wail of an ebbing tide,  
But many a woman has lived for less,  
And many a man has died ;  
For life upon life took hold and passed,  
Strong in a fate set free,  
Out of the deep, into the dark,  
On for the years to be.

Between the gleam of a waning moon  
And the song of an ebbing tide,  
Chance upon chance of love and death  
Took wing for the world so wide.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Leaf out of leaf is the way of the land,

Wave out of wave of the sea ;

And who shall reckon what lives may live

In the life that we bade to be ?

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### V

WHY, my heart, do we love her so ?

(Geraldine, Geraldine !) —

Why does the great sea ebb and flow ?

Why does the round world spin ?

Geraldine, Geraldine,

Bid me my life renew,

What is it worth unless I win,

Love — love and you ?

Why, my heart, when we speak her name

(Geraldine, Geraldine !),

Throbs the word like a flinging flame ?

Why does the spring begin ?

## **RHYMES AND RHYTHMS**

Geraldine, Geraldine,  
    Bid me indeed to be,  
Open your heart and take us in,  
    Love — love and me.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### VI

SPACE and dread and the dark —  
Over a livid stretch of sky  
Cloud-monsters crawling like a funeral  
train  
Of huge primeval presences  
Stooping beneath the weight  
Of some enormous, rudimentary grief ;  
While in the haunting loneliness  
The far sea waits and wanders, with a  
sound  
As of the trailing skirts of Destiny  
Passing unseen

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

To some immitigable end  
With her grey henchman, Death.

What larve, what spectre is this  
Thrilling the wilderness to life  
As with the bodily shape of Fear ?  
What but a desperate sense,  
A strong foreboding of those dim,  
Interminable continents, forlorn  
And many-silenced in a dusk  
Inviolable utterly, and dead  
As the poor dead it huddles and swarms and  
    styes  
In hugger-mugger through eternity ?

Life — life — let there be life !  
Better a thousand times the roaring hours  
When wave and wind,

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Like the Arch-Murderer in flight  
From the Avenger at his heel,  
Storm through the desolate fastnesses  
And wild waste places of the world!

Life — give me life until the end,  
That at the very top of being,  
The battle-spirit shouting in my blood,  
Out of the reddest hell of the fight  
I may be snatched and flung  
Into the everlasting lull,  
The immortal, incommunicable dream.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### VII

THERE 's a regret  
So grinding, so immitigably sad,  
Remorse thereby feels tolerant, even glad.  
Do you not know it yet ?

For deeds undone  
Rankle, and snarl, and hunger for their due  
Till there seems naught so despicable as you  
In all the grin o' the sun.

Like an old shoe  
The sea spurns and the land abhors, you lie  
About the beach of Time, till by-and-by  
Death, that derides you too —



## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Death, as he goes  
His ragman's round, espies you, where you stray,  
With half-an-eye, and kicks you out of his way;  
And then — and then, who knows

But the kind Grave  
Turns on you, and you feel the convict Worm,  
In that black bridewell working out his term,  
Hanker and grope and crave ?

‘ Poor fool that might —  
That might, yet would not, dared not, let this be,  
Think of it, here and thus made over to me  
In the implacable night !’

And writhing, fain  
And like a lover, he his fill shall take  
Where no ~~triumphant~~ memory lives to make  
His obscene victory vain.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### VIII

(To J. A. C.)

FRESH from his fastnesses  
Wholesome and spacious,  
The north wind, the mad huntsman,  
Halloos on his white hounds  
Over the grey, roaring  
Reaches and ridges,  
The forest of ocean,  
The chace of the world.  
Hark to the peal  
Of the pack in full cry,  
As he thongs them before him,  
Swarming voluminous,  
Weltering, wide-wallowing,

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Till in a ruining  
Chaos of energy,  
Hurled on their quarry,  
They crash into foam !

Old Indefatigable,  
Time's right-hand man, the sea  
Laughs as in joy  
From his millions of wrinkles :  
Laughs that his destiny,  
Great with the greatness  
Of triumphing order,  
Shows as a dwarf  
By the strength of his heart  
And the might of his hands.

Master of masters,  
O maker of heroes,

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Thunder the brave,  
Irresistible message:—  
'Life is worth living  
Through every grain of it  
From the foundations  
To the last edge  
Of the cornerstone, death.'



## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### IX

‘As like the Woman as you can’—

*(Thus the New Adam was beguiled)*—

‘So shall you touch the Perfect Man’—

*(God in the Garden heard and smiled).*

‘Your father perished with his day :

‘A clot of passions fierce and blind

‘He fought, he slew, he hacked his way :

‘Your muscles, Child, must be of mind.

‘The Brute that lurks and irks within,

‘How, till you have him gagged and bound,

‘Escape the foulest form of Sin ?’

*(God in the Garden laughed and frowned).*

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

‘So vile, so rank, the bestial mood

‘In which the race is bid to be,

‘It wrecks the Rarer Womanhood :

‘Live, therefore, you, for Purity !

‘Take for your mate no buxom croup,

‘No girl all grace and natural will :

‘To make her happy were to stoop

‘From light to dark, from Good to Ill.

‘Choose one of whom your grosser make’—

(*God in the Garden laughed outright*) —

‘The true refining touch may take

‘Till both attain Life’s highest height.

‘There, equal, purged of soul and sense,

‘Beneficent, high-thinking, just,

‘Beyond the appeal of Violence,

‘Incapable of common Lust,

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

‘ In mental Marriage still prevail ’—

( *God in the Garden hid his face* ) —

‘ Till you achieve that Female-Male

‘ In Which shall culminate the race.’

•

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### X

MIDSUMMER midnight skies,  
Midsummer midnight influences and airs,  
The shining sensitive silver of the sea  
Touched with the strange-hued blazonings of dawn:  
And all so solemnly still I seem to hear  
The breathing of Life and Death,  
The secular Accomplices,  
Renewing the visible miracle of the world.

The wistful stars  
Shine like good memories. The young morning  
wind  
Blows full of unforgotten hours



## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

As over a region of roses. Life and Death  
Sound on — sound on. . . . And the night magical,  
Troubled yet comforting, thrills  
As if the Enchanted Castle at the heart  
Of the wood's dark wonderment  
Swung wide his valves and filled the dim sea-  
banks

With exquisite visitants:  
Words fiery-hearted yet, dreams and desires  
With living looks intolerable, regrets  
Whose voice comes as the voice of an only child  
Heard from the grave: shapes of a Might-Have-  
Been —

✓ Beautiful, miserable, distraught —  
The Law no man may baffle denied and slew.

The spell-bound ships stand as at gaze  
To let the marvel by. The grey road glooms . . .

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Glimmers . . . goes out . . . and there, O there  
where it fades,

What grace, what glamour, what wild will,  
Transfigure the shadows? Whose,  
Heart of my heart, Soul of my soul, but yours?

Ghosts—ghosts—the sapphirine air  
Teems with them even to the gleaming ends  
Of the wild day-spring! Ghosts,  
Everywhere—everywhere—till I and you  
At last—dear love, at last!—  
Are in the dreaming, even as Life and Death,  
Twin-ministers of the unoriginal Will.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XI

GULLS in an aëry morrice

Gleam and vanish and gleam

The full sea, sleepily basking,

Dreams under skies of dream.

Gulls in an aëry morrice

Circle and swoop and close

Fuller and ever fuller

The rose of the morning blows.

Gulls in an aëry morrice

Frolicking float and fade

O the way of a bird in the sunshine!

The way of a man with a maid!

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XII

Some starlit garden grey with dew,  
Some chamber flushed with wine and fire,  
What matters where, so I and you  
Are worthy our desire ?

Behind, a past that scolds and jeers  
For ungirt loin and lamp unlit ;  
In front the unmanageable years,  
The trap upon the pit ;

Think on the shame of dreams for deeds,  
The scandal of unnatural strife,  
The slur upon immortal needs,  
The treason done to life :

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Arise! no more a living lie  
And with me quicken and control  
A memory that shall magnify  
The universal Soul.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XIII

(To James McNeill Whistler)

UNDER a stagnant sky,  
Gloom out of gloom uncoiling into gloom,  
The River, jaded and forlorn,  
Welters and wanders wearily — wretchedly — on ;  
Yet in and out among the ribs  
Of the old skeleton bridge, as in the piles  
Of some dead lake-built city, full of skulls,  
Worm-worn, rat-riddled, mouldy with memories,  
Lingers to babble, to a broken tune  
(Once, O the unvoiced music of my heart !)  
So melancholy a soliloquy  
It sounds as it might tell  
The secret of the unending grief-in-grain,

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

The terror of Time and Change and Death,  
That wastes this floating transitory world.

What of the incantation  
That forced the huddled shapes on yonder shore  
To take and wear the night  
Like a material majesty ?  
That touched the shafts of wavering fire  
About this miserable welter and wash —  
(River, O River of Journeys, River of Dreams !—)  
Into long, shining signals from the panes  
Of an enchanted pleasure-house  
Where life and life might live life lost in life  
For ever and evermore ?  
O Death ! O Change ! O Time !  
Without you, O the insufferable eyes  
Of these poor Might-Have-Beens,  
These fatuous, ineffectual Yesterdays !

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XIV

TIME and the Earth —  
The old Father and Mother —  
Their teeming accomplished,  
Their purpose fulfilled,  
Close with a smile  
For a moment of kindness  
Ere for the winter  
They settle to sleep.

Failing yet gracious,  
Slow pacing, soon homing,  
A patriarch that strolls  
Through the tents of his children,  
The Sun, as he journeys  
His round on the lower



## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Ascents of the blue,  
Washes the roofs  
And the hillsides with clarity ;  
Charms the dark pools  
Till they break into pictures ;  
Scatters magnificent  
Alms to the beggar trees ;  
Touches the mist-folk  
That crowd to his escort  
Into translucencies  
Radiant and ravishing  
As with the visible  
Spirit of Summer,  
Gloriously vaporised,  
Visioned in gold.

Love, though the fallen leaf  
Mark, and the fleeting light

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

And the loud, loitering  
Footfall of darkness  
Sign, to the heart  
Of the passage of destiny,  
Here is the ghost  
Of a summer that lived for us,  
Here is a promise  
Of summers to be.

.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XV

You played and sang a snatch of song,  
A song that all-too well we knew ;  
But whither had flown the ancient wrong ;  
And was it really I and you ?  
O since the end of life 's to live  
And pay in pence the common debt,  
What should it cost us to forgive  
Whose daily task is to forget ?

You babbled in the well-known voice —  
Not new, not new, the words you said.  
You touched me off that famous poise,  
That old effect, of neck and head.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Dear, was it really you and I ?

In truth the riddle 's ill to read,  
So many are the deaths we die  
Before we can be dead indeed.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XVI

ONE with the ruined sunset,  
The strange forsaken sands,  
What is it waits and wanders  
And signs with desperate hands ?

What is it calls in the twilight —  
Calls as its chance were vain ?  
The cry of a gull sent seaward  
Or the voice of an ancient pain ?

The red ghost of the sunset,  
It walks them as its own,  
These dreary and desolate reaches  
But O that it walked alone !

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XVII

#### *CARMEN PATIBULARE*

(To H. S.)

TREE, Old Tree of the Triple Crook  
And the rope of the Black Election,  
'Tis the faith of the Fool that a race you rule  
Can never achieve perfection:  
And 'It's O for the time of the New Sublime  
And the better than human way  
When the Wolf (poor beast) shall come to his  
own  
And the Rat shall have his day!'

For Tree, Old Tree of the Triple Beam  
And the power of provocation,

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

You have cockered the Brute with your dreadful  
fruit

Till your thought is mere stupration :  
And 'It's how should we rise to be pure and wise,  
And how can we choose but fall,  
So long as the Hangman makes us dread  
And the Noose floats free for all !'

So Tree, Old Tree of the Triple Coign  
And the trick there's no recalling,  
They will haggle and hew till they hack you  
through

And at last they lay you sprawling :  
When 'Hey! for the hour of the race in flower  
And the long good-bye to sin !'  
And 'Ho! for the fires of Hell gone out  
For the want of keeping in !'

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

But Tree, Old Tree of the Triple Bough  
And the ghastly Dreams that tend you,  
Your growth began with the life of Man  
And only his death can end you :  
They may tug in line at your hempen twine,  
They may flourish with axe and saw,  
But your taproot drinks of the Sacred Springs  
In the living rock of Law.

And Tree, Old Tree of the Triple Fork,  
When the spent sun reels and blunders  
Down a welkin lit with the flare of the Pit  
As it seethes in spate and thunders,  
Stern on the glare of the tortured air  
Your lines august shall gloom,  
And your master-beam be the last thing whelmed  
In the ruining roar of Doom.



## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XVIII

(To M. E. H.)

WHEN you wake in your crib,  
You, an inch of experience —  
Vaulted about  
With the wonder of darkness;  
Wailing and striving  
To reach from your feebleness  
Something you feel  
Will be good to and cherish you,  
Something you know  
And can rest upon blindly:  
O then a hand  
(Your mother's, your mother's!)  
By the fall of its fingers

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

All knowledge, all power to you,  
Out of the dreary,  
Discouraging strangenesses  
Comes to and masters you,  
Takes you, and lovingly  
Woos you and soothes you  
Back, as you cling to it,  
Back to some comforting  
Corner of Sleep.

So you wake in your bed,  
Having lived, having loved :  
But the shadows are there,  
And the world and its kingdoms  
Incredibly faded ;  
And you grope in the Terror  
Above you and under  
For the light, for the warmth,

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

The assurance of life ;  
But the blasts are ice-born,  
And your heart is nigh burst  
With the weight of the gloom  
And the stress of your strangled  
And desperate endeavour :  
Sudden a hand —  
Mother, O Mother !—  
God at His best to you,  
Out of the roaring,  
Impossible silences,  
Falls on and urges you,  
Mightily, tenderly,  
Forth, as you clutch at it,  
Forth to the infinite  
Peace of the Grave.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XIX

O TIME and Change, they range and range  
From sunshine round to thunder! —  
They glance and go as the great winds blow,  
And the best of our dreams drive under :  
For Time and Change estrange, estrange —  
And, now they have looked and seen us,  
O we that were dear we are all-too near  
With the thick of the world between us.

O Death and Time, they chime and chime  
Like bells at sunset falling ! —  
They end the song, they right the wrong,  
They set the old echoes calling :

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

For Death and Time bring on the prime  
Of God's own chosen weather,  
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release  
As once in the grass together.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XX

THE shadow of Dawn ;  
✓ Stillness and stars and over-mastering dreams  
✓ Of Life and Death and Sleep ;  
Heard over gleaming flats the old unchanging  
    sound  
Of the old unchanging Sea.

My soul and yours —  
O hand in hand let us fare forth, two ghosts,  
Into the ghostliness,  
The infinite and abounding solitudes,  
Beyond — O beyond ! — beyond . . .

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Here in the porch  
Upon the multitudinous silences  
Of the kingdoms of the grave,  
We twain are you and I — two ghosts Omnipotence  
Can touch no more — no more !

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XXI

WHEN the wind storms by with a shout and the  
stern sea-caves

Exult in the tramp and the roar of onsetting  
waves,

Then, then, it comes home to the heart that the  
top of life

Is the passion that burns the blood in the act of  
strife —

Till you pity the dead down there in their quiet  
graves.

But to drowse with the fen behind and the fog  
before,

When the rain-rot spreads and a tame sea mumbles  
the shore,



## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Not to adventure, none to fight, no right and no  
wrong,

Sons of the Sword heart-sick for a stave of your  
sire's old song —

O you envy the blessed dead that can live no  
more !

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XXII

TREES and the menace of night ;  
Then the long, lonely, leaden mere  
Backed by a desolate fell  
As by a spectral battlement ; and then,  
Low-brooding, interpenetrating all,  
A vast, grey, listless, inexpressive sky  
So beggared, so incredibly bereft  
Of starlight and the song of racing worlds  
It might have bellied down upon the Void  
Where as in terror Light was beginning to be.

Hist! In the trees fulfilled of night  
(Night and the wretchedness of the sky)

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Is it the hurry of the rain ?  
Or the noise of a drive of the Dead  
Streaming before the irresistible Will  
Through the strange dusk of this, the  
    Debateable Land  
Between their place and ours ?

Like the forgetfulness  
Of the work-a-day world made visible,  
A mist falls from the melancholy sky :  
A messenger from some lost and loving  
    soul,  
Hopeless, far wandered, dazed  
Here in the provinces of life,  
A great white moth fades miserably past.

Thro' the trees in the strange dead night,  
Under the vast dead sky,

## **RHYMES AND RHYTHMS**

**Forgetting and forgot, a drift of Dead  
Sets to the mystic mere, the phantom  
fell,  
The unimagined vastitudes beyond.**

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XXIII

(To P. A. G.)

HERE they trysted, here they strayed,  
In the leafage dewy and boon,  
Many a man and many a maid,  
And the morn was merry June :  
' Death is fleet, Life is sweet,'  
Sang the blackbird in the may ;  
And the hour with flying feet  
While they dreamed was yesterday.

Many a maid and many a man  
Found the leafage close and boon ;  
Many a destiny began —  
O the morn was merry June.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Dead and gone, dead and gone,  
    (Hark the blackbird in the may ! ),  
Life and Death went hurrying on,  
    Cheek on cheek — and where were they ?

Dust in dust engendering dust  
    In the leafage fresh and boon,  
Man and maid fulfil their trust —  
    Still the morn turns merry June.  
Mother Life, Father Death  
    (O the blackbird in the may ! ),  
Each the other's breath for breath,  
    Fleet the times of the world away.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XXIV

(To A. C.)

WHAT should the Trees,  
Midsummer-manifold, each one,  
Voluminous, a labyrinth of life —  
What should such things of bulk and multitude  
Yield of their huge, unutterable selves,  
To the random importunity of Day,  
The blabbing journalist?  
Alert to snatch and publish hour by hour  
Their greenest hints, their leafiest privacies,  
How can he other than endure  
The ruminant irony that foists him off

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

With broad-blown falsehoods, or the obviousness  
Of laughter flickering back from shine to shade,  
And disappearances of homing birds,  
And frolicsome freaks  
Of little boughs that frisk with little boughs ?

Now, at the word  
Of the ancient, sacerdotal Night,  
Night of the many secrets, whose effect —  
Transfiguring, hierophantic, dread —  
Themselves alone may fully apprehend,  
They tremble and are changed :  
In each, the uncouth individual soul  
Looms forth and glooms  
Essential, and, their bodily presences  
Touched with inordinate significance,  
Wearing the darkness like the livery



## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Of some mysterious and tremendous guild,  
They brood — they menace — they appal :  
Or the anguish of prophecy tears them, and they  
wring

Wild hands of warning in the face  
Of some inevitable advance of doom :  
Or, each to the other bending, beckoning, signing,  
As in some monstrous market-place,  
They pass the news, these Gossips of the Prime,  
In that old speech their forefathers  
Learned on the lawns of Eden, ere they heard  
The troubled voice of Eve  
Naming the wondering folk of Paradise.

Your sense is sealed, or you should hear them tell  
The tale of their dim life and all  
Its compost of experience : how the Sun

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Spreads them their daily feast,  
Sumptuous, of light, firing them as with wine;  
Of the old Moon's fitful solicitude  
And those mild messages the Stars  
Descend in silver silences and dews;  
Or what the buxom West,  
Wanton with wading in the swirl of the wheat,  
Said, and their leafage laughed;  
And how the wet-winged Angel of the Rain  
Came whispering . . . whispering; and the gifts  
of the Year —

The sting of the stirring sap  
Under the wizardry of the young-eyed Spring,  
Their summer amplitudes of pomp  
And rich autumnal melancholy, and the shrill,  
Embittered housewifery  
Of the lean Winter: all such things,  
And with them all the goodness of the Master

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

Whose right hand blesses with increase and  
life,

Whose left hand honours with decay and death.

So, under the constraint of Night,

These gross and simple creatures,

Each in his scores of rings, which rings are years,

A servant of the Will.

And God, the Craftsman, as he walks

The floor of His workshop, hearkens, full of cheer

In thus accomplishing

The aims of His miraculous artistry.

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

### XXV

WHAT have I done for you,  
    England, my England ?  
What is there I would not do,  
    England my own ?  
With your glorious eyes austere,  
As the Lord were walking near,  
Whispering terrible things and dear  
    As the song on your bugles blown,  
    England —  
Round the world on your bugles blown !

Where shall the watchful Sun,  
    England, my England,  
Match the master-work you 've done,  
    England my own ?

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

When shall he rejoice agen  
Such a breed of mighty men  
As come forward, one to ten,  
    To the Song on your bugles blown,  
        England —  
Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,  
    England, my England : —  
‘ Take and break us : we are yours,  
    ‘ England, my own !  
‘ Life is good, and joy runs high  
‘ Between English earth and sky :  
‘ Death is death ; but we shall die  
    ‘ To the Song on your bugles blown,  
        ‘ England —  
    ‘ To the stars on your bugles blown ! ’

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

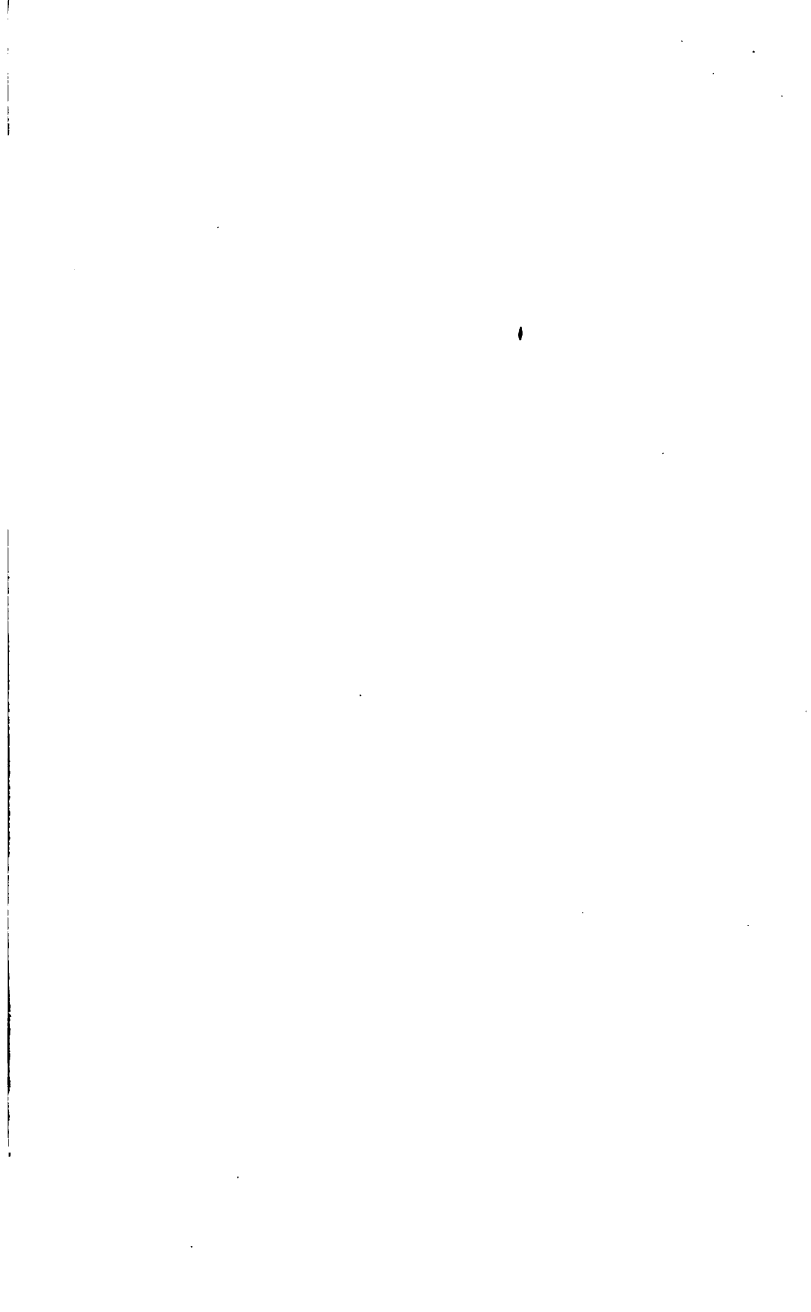
They call you proud and hard,  
    England, my England :  
You with worlds to watch and ward,  
    England, my own !  
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys  
Of such teeming destinies  
You could know nor dread nor ease  
    Were the Song on your bugles blown,  
        England,  
    Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,  
    England, my England,  
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,  
    England, my own,  
Chosen daughter of the Lord,  
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,

## RHYMES AND RHYTHMS

There 's the menace of the Word  
In the Song on your bugles blown,  
England —  
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!







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